# THE SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

Morning—Evening—Sunday

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MAY 17, 1921

## BALD-HEADED FOREST LAND.

The ruins of the biggest fires in South Bend are replaced by new buildings in a few months, or, at longest, in a year or two. But it takes from 30 to 150 years to rebuild a ruined forest. Nearly all you residents experience a primitive joy on those rare occasions when you get out into the woods for a picnic or a tramp. Your wild flowers, your songbirds and the wood you use in everything—from your home to pencils and home-brew kegs—come from the forests.

Forests are a tremendous natural resource, invaluable for recreation, for natural fertilization of the soil and for that practical function of supplying us with lumber. And forests are diminishing. America needs more elaborate reforestation to replace timber taken for necessary purposes.

Also, we need, vitally, more individual protection of forests. In the last five years forest fires have devastated an area larger than the New England states. The actual money loss was $85,000,000. Eighty percent of the 32,000 forest fires that occur every year in our country could be prevented by care and vigilance on the part of citizens, according to the department of agriculture's forestry service.

Boy scouts have taken this lesson to heart. One of their chief objects is preservation of the woods. An attempt is being made to arouse the same interest among grown-ups. Forest Protection week will be observed nationally, beginning May 22.

There are wonderful woods near South Bend. You might show the kiddies a good time by taking them to treeland for a picnic and tramp during Forest Protection week. Particularly impress upon them the necessity of always putting out any fire started in the woods. Better still, not to build a fire at all. And if you can't get to the woods, why not plant a few more shade trees in the brick-and-cement deserts that make the glaring sun the most noticeable feature of many streets.

## BURNING OF WITCHES.

At more or less regular intervals, one hears references in print or public address, to "the days when they burned witches in Salem." It is our habit to inquire of those who make these references how many witches were burned in Salem, and we invariably find that the men who use these words so flippantly do not know, and have never looked the matter up, but suppose that witch-burning was a pleasant and frequent outdoor sport in Salem and elsewhere in the old colonial days.

The fact is that, so far as anyone has ever shown, no person was ever put to death by burning, on charge of witchcraft, in colonial America. Twenty people were put to death in Salem, 19 of them by hanging, and one by compression. These 20 are more than half of all that were legally executed in the Puritan colonies. The total number of executions was 36, of whom nine were men and 27 women.

Only two persons are known to have been put to death by burning in the Puritan colonies, in both cases the penalty was for murder under peculiarly atrocious circumstances. Burning people to death became frequent in the latter part of the 19th century, and is still indulged in; the Puritans never did it but twice, and then by solemn judicial process and under very unusual circumstances.

But until 1790, in England, women counterfeiters were burned to death, and Blackstone tells us that burning was the usual punishment of female traitors. After 1790, except in a few instances, the women were first strangled and then burned; but a woman was burned alive without previous strangling in Tyburn in 1726. In 1773 a woman was burned in England in the presence of 20,000 people, and there were other execution of women by fire in 1777 and 1786.

That was the way they did it in Merrie England in Blackstone's day, in the day of Sir Mathew Hale, and until after the American revolution.

The American Puritans were English, and followed English law, but they did not burn people to death for witchcraft. In England ,in the reign of Henry VIII, they boiled people to death in oil, but not in Puritan America.

## PREDICTING THE FUTURE.

The cheapest and easiest thing an orator can do is to predict a great and glorious future, or to prophesy disaster and retribution for everything he does not like. History shows us how futile have been most of the predictions of even the wisest of those who have posed as men who knew the future. Lord Bryce in his notable work recently issued, says:

"We cannot refrain from conjecture. Yet to realize how vain conjectures are, let us imagine ourselves to be in the place of those who only three or four generations ago failed to forecast what the next following generation would see. Let us suppose Burke, Johnson and Gibbon sitting together at a dinner of the club in 1769, the year when Napoleon and Wellington were born, and the talk falling on the politics of the European continent. Did they have any presage of the future? Men stood on the edge of stupendous changes of those changes."

If we understood the present, we could predict the future. But no generation understands itself very well. The present is the blind spot in life. The conditions on which we fix our eyes and suppose to be the ruling feature of the age, may be the almost spent forces of the past, and there may be movements just underneath the surface that are gathering momentum unsuspected.

It is very easy to take note of a few outstanding conditions in finance or politics, and to predict on the basis of change in recent years what seems certain to occur in years just ahead.

But many factors of uncertainty enter into all these predictions. We never can make a full inventory of the conditions of our time, and some of the most potent forces are unsuspected by even the wisest of those who undertake to tell us things to come.

The future undoubtedly holds many surprises, some disheartling, others encouraging. We do well not to undertake to outline it too minutely. But of one thing we are sure, every good impulse set in motion in our own generation affects the future favorably for all time to come. It is safe to do our best and go straight on.

Gibbon, Burke and Johnson not only did not suspect the careers of two squawling youngsters born in 1769, one destined to become Napoleon, the world menace, and the other, Arthur, Duke of Wellington, who was to prove the undoing of Napoleon at Waterloo. But every Napoleon brings his own Waterloo with him, and discovers it ultimately.

## STANDARDS OF VALUE.

The study of anatomy is an indispensable part of the preparation of a physician for his life work, and some knowledge of it is good for other people.

Every medical student, pondering over his Gray's Anatomy, is told that no man really learns that massive text book until he has forgotten it three times. As a further crumb of comfort he is informed that Gray himself failed on his first examination in anatomy. As a means of knowing anatomy, the dissecting room is a recognized adjunct to the work of the class room.

It is said that the average medical student, when he once gets fairly into his anatomical work, becomes incapable of meeting and conversing with any human being without thinking, while he talks, how this particular person would cut up. That is the same sort of mild obsession which the same student undergoes when he thinks himself possessed of all the diseases which he studies about.

That stage of learning passes. And that is fortunate. Long before a medical student becomes a physician he is able to meet his friends without mentally sawing their bones or hacking into their tissues. But medical students are not the only people who thus appraise humanity. It is easy to think of men in terms of the tons of coal they can mine or cubic yards of earth they can remove, or otherwise as economic units.

It is indeed necessary that there should be men who are hewers of wood and drawers of water, and it is proper that they should at times be considered in their relation to the tasks they are capable of performing. But human life is more than material for dissection. It is more than so much muscular energy applied to gainful pursuits.

The first and final estimate of men and women, and of all things relating to human life, is in terms not of economic production, but of joy or pain, of hope or despair, of development or defacement of humanity.

## DO YOU EAT POISONS?

Any noon in a South Bend restaurant you see indoor workers, who don't get much exercise, eating an order of meat large enough to feed four bloodhounds in an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show. Bad business. This is why, says the Red Cross:

There are two kinds of foods—repair foods and fuel foods. Repair foods, called "proteins" by doctors, include meat, eggs, etc. They rebuild body tissues that have been wasted through exercise and muscular work.

Fuel foods include bread, vegetables, sugar, butter, etc. Doctors call them "carbohydrates and fats." They keep the machinery of the body in motion, and store up energy and heat. You need both fuel foods and repair foods. But there's grave danger if you don't balance them properly.

Too much protein decays in the bowels and makes poisons. This works the liver and kidneys too hard in throwing off the poison. Degenerative diseases (like cancer and heart, blood and kidney troubles) start this way. Eat sparingly of meats and eggs, particularly if you sit in an office chair all day. Eat plentifully of vegetables and fruit. And now's a good time to start. The fresh vegetable season has begun.

In our favorite self-serve we see many instances wherein the services of Mr. Bambino Ruth, the eminent fly-swatter, might be effectually employed.

The Girl Next Door says that the darker shades should prove to be very popular for summer front-porch wear.

A Fable: Once Upon a Time there was a Paragrapher who did Not try to write Something Funny about the Einstein Theory.

Another important thing about July Fourth is that the first roastin' ears usually appear that day.

If Henry Ford jitneyizes the railroads it is to be hoped that each train will be equipped with self-starter and shock absorbers.

Man has the strongest constitution of any living thing. No animal could stand the abuse we heap on ourselves by overeating, lack of exercise, congestion, late hours and dissipation.

## *Other Editors Than Ours*

### THIS INQUISITIVE AGE.

(Chicago Daily News.)

If the furor over Mr. Edison's questionnaire proves anything, it proves again, up to the handle, that this is a meddling age. The flourish of the interrogation point, the memory test, the Binet test, is here and now. People have gone daft over patent fishing tackle for pulling blind fish out of their neighbors' craniums. Every second man one meets has a questionnaire to spring.

It was not like this in ancient Athens. Poor old Socrates invented the questionnaire. He instructed a few bright young men in his system, and, with their help, tried it for a short time on his fellow citizens. Presently he was up before a jury, and before long was drinking the hemlock. They charged him with corrupting the youth and erecting strange gods, but what they meant was that he was talking efficiency and setting up a questionnaire.

To find out what a man doesn't know takes about two minutes; to find out what he does know might take a couple of years.

For instance, a certain Chicagoan who submitted recently to the process of the questionnaire did not know Walt Whitman from Walt Mason, and thought the former's well known "barbaric yawp" belonged to Galli-Curci. But presently he began to talk most fascinatingly of strange seas and exotic cargoes, of $40,000 invested in lily of the valley pips, of a shipload of tapioca from Java, of intricate problems in marine insurance, and strange adventures in West Africa and Brazil. This man happens to be a very great expert in foreign trade, but it would take a special questionnaire to do him justice.

Of course the questionnaire has its uses as well as its abuses. The questionnaire of Socrates had an excellent educational object, although the people of Athens missed the point of it. But not every walking interrogation point is a Socrates. The average questionnaire is wielded in what George Meredith called "an acrimonious rapture of pedantry."

## The Tower of Babel

BY BILL ARMSTRONG

### TROUBLE VS. AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN.

An eminent physician of this city, if we were to mention his name even Dr. J. W. Hill himself would know that we were talking about him, was discussing the other day to an interested group some of the every day problems of modern life.

It seemed that the noted doctor had just learned he must make certain repairs to his home. In coming downtown, something went wrong with his Franklin automobile, and the poor fellow was compelled to drie fast to his office to keep the machine from falling to pieces on the street. The noted doctor, leaning on a counter in the American drug store heavily, succeeded in breaking a whole pocketful of expensive five-cent cigars.

As he stepped out of the drug store to take up the battle of life once more, one of the soles dropped off his shoe and his hat was blown off in the mud, completely ruining it. It was a costly model of hat, having been purchased shortly after the Maine was sunk for the neat sum of around a dollar and a quarter.

There was no argument about it, things were certainly breaking tough for the doctor!

Just before the doctor had departed on his weary way, he had referred to the fact he seemed to be having more than his share of trouble. Appropriate sympathy had been expressed. One of the young men, engaged in the conversation with the eminent physician, had suggested that he just add his various expenses to his patients' bills.

The physician blushed a rosy red at the mere suggestion of such a thing, and proceeded out to his machine. It was about this time that one of his shoes fell to pieces and his hat blew off.

They say this doctor is very forgetful. We don't know whether this is responsible or whether the doctor was tempted and followed the suggestion made to him in the conversation a few days before, but the fact remains that yesterday we ran a splinter in our finger and after trying in vain to remove it, we called upon the eminent physician. The splinter was removed in short order, but imagine our surprise when today we received the following bill from the doctor:

To BILL ARMSTRONG, Dr.,
Care News-Times, City

| | |
|---|---|
| For major operation to finger | $ .25 |
| New floor in basement | 89.00 |
| New plunger for kitchen pump | 12.00 |
| For asphalt roof on wood house | 33.00 |
| Removing oil from crank case | .65 |
| 200 Salzburg cigars | 20.00 |
| Prescription | 1.00 |
| Repair of tail lights | 2.50 |
| Total | $158.40 |

(Note—A check by return mail will be sincerely appreciated.)

Faithfully yours,
DR. J. W. HILL.

### BOY, DUST OFF THE TRANSIENT AMUSEMENT RATE CARD.

(From The News-Times.)

W. K. Lamport of the Lamport-MacDonald Co., gave a talk on "Church Advertising" at the weekly meeting of the Ministerial association at the Y. M. C. A. Monday morning. Lamport spoke on general advertising and then applied it to church advertising and in conclusion advocated a systematic series of ads for the churches.

## Ignorant Essays

By J. P. McEVOY

### THE IMMODESTY OF MOVERS.

Perhaps we should not look for delicacy in movers. This is not an occupation that is synonymous with refinement. The old saying has it: "Three moves are as bad as a fire." Perhaps, but three movers are worse than an earthquake, a tornado and a tidal wave. Still you must say of them as Galileo did of the earth: "They do move."

There is a certain finality in the way they do things. They believe in and practice direct action. Their methods are complete and conclusive. After you have been moved by movers there is no question about it—you have been moved. You may not look the same, but you are not in the same place, either. You have gone away from there.

Commendable efficiency to be sure, but how one wishes they had a little more delicacy, a little more refinement; that, in short, they were a little more modest.

You have seen movers in action. You have seen them hustling the personal property off the premises, cording it in carelessly assorted piles on the sidewalk. How the Lares and the Penates ever are sorted out after the ordeal is a mystery. I am sure I could never distinguish a Lare from a Penate or vice versa. But maybe it doesn't make any difference. People stay home so little these days they'd never miss a few Lares or a couple of Penates, or would hardly notice whether they sit down on Lare when they should eat off it, or go to bed in a Penate when they are supposed to play on it.

Hence the falling off in the sale of the dear old "God Bless Our Home" wall mottoes.

In the old days we used to sit around the fireside of an evening and gaze upon the "God Bless Our Home" motto with loving pride and intense satisfaction. Now we are out at the movie. Even if we had such a motto there wouldn't be anyone at home to see it except the cat, and I understand she, too, goes out nights.

But back to the Lares and Penates on the sidewalk and, subsequently, on the van. Observe the immodesty of your table with its legs up in the air; the lack of propriety shown by the intimate paraphernalia associated with the nocturnal repose— the bedding, in other words; the wanton attitudes struck by the chairs and couches; the rakish and hoydenish posture of the kitchen utensils.

In short, no family would think of exhibiting, even to their bosom friends, the intimacies which the mover exhibits on every sidewalk and van. It is very sinful. It is very sad. Something ought to be done about it. A committee should be appointed and resolutions drawn up, and a law should be passed making it obligatory upon movers to erect screens around the scenes of their immodest carrying-on, or carrying-out, as you will. Yes, a law should be passed, for is not the American slogan: "When in doubt pass a law."

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## More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE

### HOW IT ALL HAPPENED.

'Ere Solomon ruled in his glory,
He went to the movies one day
And there was enthralled by the story
Of a comical bigamy play.
The movie his fancy affected
And we know—for the legend survives—
That when he grew up he collected
Some sixty or seventy wives.

When Cassius was nineteen or twenty,
A terrible movie he saw,
Where stabbings and cuttings were plenty
And no one paid heed to the law.
He watched it with eager emotion,
And now to the world it is clear
That there's where he picked up the notion
That ended J. Caesar's career.

Guy Fawkes went to cinemas daily.
And deep in his memory sank
A scene where two criminals gaily
Put dynamite under a bank.
And later, when thinking of treason,
He used the impression he got,
And that, gentle friend, is the reason
He hatched up the gunpowder plot.

Cap Kidd was caught up by the glamor,
And took to be utterly true
The things that the photoplay drammer
Makes pirates and buccaneers do.
The movies became his obsession,
And craving for power and pelf,
When he grew to the years of discretion,
Young Kidd was a pirate himself.

(Copyright, 1921.)

### Dangerous.

"I own the world," sings a poet in the New York Herald. That is what the Kaiser used to sing. But he discovered he didn't.

### Send a Man.

Child for Ambassador to Tokio—Headline. In view of the situation this recalls the story about the occasion that was no job for a boy.

### No Chance to Rust.

There is no war at present, but there is always an opportunity to warm up a few sharpshooters on the Moros.

*Try NEWS-TIMES Want Ads*

## JUST FOLKS

By EDGAR A. GUEST

### THEY WHO ARE AFRAID TO FAIL.

They who are afraid to fail,
Never venture very far—
Fear hurricane or gale
Keeps them safely where they are
Timidly their lives are passed
Dreaming dreams which quickly die.
Answering glory to the last
With a terror stricken cry.

Glory crowns the pioneer,
Fame rewards the man of might,
And in time the throngs will cheer
Men who venture for the right.
But the timid only see
Dreadful dangers that assail,
And they question fearfully:
"What if we should chance to fail?

"We might have to start anew,
We might lose what now we own.
Here we know what we can do,
There the dangers are unknown;
Glory would be sweet to win,
But the bonds of failure chafe,
There are pits to tumble in,
Here we know that we are safe."

Boy of mine, in safety lies
Only what is commonplace;
They alone to splendors rise
Who meet failure face to face.
Ask from life no guarantee
That you shall not suffer pain—
Risk the loss, whate'er it be,
For the joy you hope to gain.

Be you brave enough to try
For the goal your heart desires,
Keep your hopes still mounting high
Even though your body tires;
Fall and rise once more to dare
Fortune's battlements to scale—
What though failure waits you there?
Never be afraid to fail.

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